

BRITISH MUSEUM
7/6

A

PINDARICK
ODE,

UPON

Her Majesties sending His Grace the Duke
of *Marlborough* to Command the *English*
Forces in *Holland*, and His Graces being
chosen Generalissimo of the Confederate
Army against the *French King*.

I Deborah arose, I arose a Mother of Israel.
JUDG. V. verse 7.

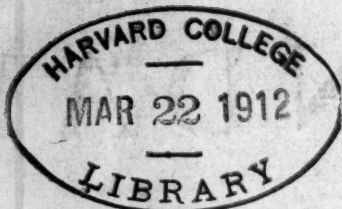
Arise Barak, lead thy Captivity Captive, thou Son of
Abinoam. Verse 12.

By JAMES SHUTE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the Author, and Sold by
J. Nutt, near Stationers-Hall, 1703.

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Army against the French King
chosen Generalissimo of the
forces in Holland, and his
of Harbrough by Command the English
Her Majesty's Landing His Grace the Duke

JUDGE V. wife
I Deborah wife I wife a Member of Israel.

Wife Sarah, had the Captain's Captain John Sir of
Hermann Velt.

BY JAMES SHILLER

Printed for the Author, and sold by
New York, 1793.

TO
HIS GRACE
THE
DUKE
OF
Marlborough.

My Lord,

THE late King, who was a perfect Master in the Art of War, having chosen Your Grace first to Command His Army in Flanders, and afterwards in an Expedition into Ireland; together with Her present Majesties Approbation of so Wise a Choice, and the Universal consent of the Confederate Princes beyond Sea, are undoubted Arguments of that innate Virtue, of which Your Grace stands possessed: But it is not my design at this time to Write a Penegyrick, tho' Your Graces Merits justly Claim it, but to lay these few Lines

Epistle Dedicatory.

at Your feet, Humbly begging Your favourable acceptance of them. May Your Grace always remain in the Favour of Your Great Mistress. May You Extend the Honour of the English Nation beyond the limits of former Ages. May You be a Great and Glorious Instrument in the Hands of Providence, to break in pieces the force of that aspiring Prince, who has so long threatned Europe like an Inundation.

Which is the Prayer of

Your Graces most Devoted

And most Humble Servant

JAMES SHUTE.

PINDARICK ODE.

I.

HE AR O Celestial Hosts that shine so bright,
You glorious Sons of the Eternal light,
Who in Immortal Lays

E'er infant Time began,
Sang your Great Creators Praise,
And still descending from above,
On the Seraphick wings of Love,
Are Messengers of Joy and Peace to Man.

Inspire my Mind, direct my Verse,
In mighty Numbers to rehearse,
In mighty Numbers, mighty Theams,
The Greatest Hero, and the best of Queens.

II.

What Woods, what Vales, what Mountains, are in Sight,
What Precipecies full of Starting fear,
What monster Forms appear,

Dancing in the gloomy light ?
 Fear not my Muse to take thy flight,
 The Flaming Cherub will Direct,
 Which Glorious *Anna* doth Protect.
 Fear not the *Cimmerian* Night,
 Nor Ice, nor Snow of Northern Land,
 Nor the Scorch'd *Libyan* Strand,
 When Boisterous Winds do Plow the Sea,
 Thou shalt from Dangers and from Cares be free,
 When Peals of Thunder from the Canon Roar,
 And crys of Shipwrackt Men do Eccho from the Shore.

III.

These are the tasks impos'd by Fate,
 On all that would be Good and Great,
 These are the ways which Virtue leads,
 These are the paths Illustrious *Anna* treads.
 And like Heavens splendid Orb the Sun,
 In a full Carreer doth Run,
 'Till She the Palm of Victory had Won,
 By which she doth a Bulwark Raife,
 Of Her Immortal Praise,
 Higher than Stately Pyramids, and all
 That we mistaken Glory call,
 Above the pompous dreams of this vain glitt'ring Ball.

Where

IV.

Where shall I the Center make,
 From whence my Flight to take,
 Where the circumference find,
 Of her Capacious Mind?
 Whilst she the Darling of Mankind,
 Justly Admired and belov'd,
 Through all the Orbs of Virtue mov'd.
 The Lustre of Her antient Name,
 Recorded in the books of Fame,
 She with a brighter Flame
 Reflecteth back again.
 And like a Generous Parent doth dispence
 Her Gentle Influence,
 Earth is her Center, and from thence
 The wide expounded heaven her vast Circumference:

V.

In a deep and lonesom Cell,
 Deep as the Infernal Shade
 A Place for horror made
 Faction and Confusion dwell.
 See, see the Spector rise
 With flaming Tongues and glaring Eyes,
 View its Gygantick Size.

With

With many Heads and many Hands,
 The triform monster stands,
 Threatning a wild destruction o'er our Lands.
 But when the Sun, which all things cheers,
 With his refulgent ray,
 Brings us the welcome day,
 The shadows vanish, and our fears,
 The monster grins, starts back, and disappears.

VI.

Once more my Muse invoke his aid,
 Whom the omnipotent has made
 The mighty Leader of his host divine,
 With rays of Glory he doth shine;
 With winged power doth flie,
 And awfull Majesty
 Along the azure skie.

Whilst the embattl'd legions stand,
 Ready at His command;
 Arm'd with the power of the Deity.
 Great was the day, Great was the Victory,
 When all the host of *Satan* and of *Hell*

Before him fell.
 One flash of Lightning thro' His Army ran,
 One clap of Thunder from the Almighty came,

And

And dire confusion seiz'd the Enemy
 Cover'd with despair they lye,
 In vain, in vain they try,
 Their former Glory to regain,
 In vain, in vain they try
 To break their adimantine chain,
 Hurl'd from the mansions of the blest above,
 From joys unspeakable and full of Love,
 From Regions of eternal light
 Down, down they fall to everlasting night.

VII.

Thus *Michael* and thus *Marlborough* fought,
 And all the mighty men of old,
 In Heavn's fair Calender enrol'd,
 That in truth's warfare fought,
 To get a lasting Name,
 And raise Eternal trophies of ne'er dying Fame.

Thus *Moses* out of *Ægypt* lead,
 The chosen People of his God,
 And in the midst of Waves triumphant rode, [dead.
 When *Pharaoh* and his numerous host upon the shore lay
 The Horse and Rider both in the deep abyfs were lost,
 They in the Arm of flesh did boast,
 He gloried in the Lord of host,
 The Horse and Rider both in the deep abyfs were lost.

VIII.

Then *Joshua* the Great succeeds,
 Great in Virtue and Warlike deeds;
 Thou Sun and Moon, said he stand still,
 The Sun and Moon obey'd his will.
 Not the tall Sons of *Anak* could withstand
 The force of his all conquering hand,
 Inspir'd with courage from above,
 Like a swift torrent all before him drove,
 And fixt his People in their promis'd Land:
 None but the Heav'n born Muse can tell,
 The' mighty wonders that befell,
 The Valiant Chiefs of *Israel*.
Barak, Jephtha, Gideon,
 With ancient *Kish's* far renowned Son,
 And all the God like Race that in a long succession run.

IX.

Next Thee *Britannia* and thy happy *Isles*,
 Where blooming Nature ever smiles,
 Of Thee *Britannia* will I sing,
 And to my Verse immortal Honour bring.

In

In thy safe Ports the Ships do ride,
 Making a stately row of Warlike pride;
 Plenty and Peace flow in with every tyde.
 O happy land which from her thrusts the rest,
 As if she car'd not for the world beside,
 A world within her self, with wonders blest.

Here *Lucius* and Great *Constantine*,
 Like Stars of the first magnitude do shine.
Arthur and *Alfred's* mighty Fame,
Henry and *Edward's* Glorious Name,
 And wise *Eliza's* happy Reign appear,
 One shining constellation in our Hemisphere.

X.

In midst of which *Anna* the Wife and Great,
Anna the Glory of her Times,
 The happy Genius of our *British* State,
 With a conspicuous brightness shines.
 When Wars sad tempest did assail,

* To the Duke
 of Marlborough

Go said She, *Thou Chosen one,
 Bring Peace and Honour home;
 Be to your Country and Religion true,
 The Stars in course shall fight for you.

She speak, and streight the Hero flies,
 To Battle and to Victories.

In

In mighty *Anna's* powerful Name,

*He went, He saw, and overcame.

Virtue and *Anna* did prevail,

Virtue fair Daughter of the Omnipotent.

With all her company,

Couragious Constancy,

Patience and Humility,

Joyn'd with the other three,

Faith, Hope and Charity.

The steps by which She makes th'ascent,

Unto the Starry firmament,

By which She mounteth high,

Above the liquid skie,

Beyond which, there noe place does lye,

* But boundless regions of Eternity.

* When the
French fled be-
fore him, and
would not stand
a Battle.

* Imperium
fine fine Deu.

W. Morris

F I N I S.